



CANDID Charlie ★ DAN'L FLANNEL

March ▲

TARGET COMICS

10¢

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STEP BACK A BIT
BOYS.

VOL. 4 NO. 11



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Gang:

We know you're awfully busy working for the War Effort but how about a little assistant editing? On this page in January we gave you some leading questions to answer and though we've had "hundreds" of replies, we'd rather have "thousands." So here goes again — Do you like CANDID CHARLIE? Do you like 18 MEN AND A BOAT? Do you know what stories we took out in order to put these two new strips in? Do you miss the old strips that we removed?

Sometimes it's darned hard to rack your brain to think of something to write about in your letters to the Editors, but here we've done the work for you and all you have to do is get on your editorial thinking cap and give us plain and simple answers to those plain and simple questions. Candid Charlie has some swell ideas in store for you, but naturally he doesn't want to go ahead with them unless his assistant editors (meaning you readers) give him the light.

Next month when we'll have some more questions to plague you with and more give to the writers of the best letters.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

TARGET
our comics

"Target"
sentences
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BOLT COMICS. I read the letter sent to you by Ng Kuo Yen and don't agree with Ng. I think "Dan'l Flannel" should be continued and I surely hope "The Cadet." He's my favorite. As for BLUE BOLT, I heartily agree with Albert De Bruycker that "Kriko and Jasper" are entirely too fantastic.

Now about 4MOST. I really don't think that any changes should be made. It's really perfect! No super-stuff and silly matter either. It's just right. It's my favorite quarterly, but I surely wish I could call it my favorite monthly or bi-monthly. I think many others do too, as I know several.

As for "doing my share for freedom," I regularly put 1/3 or 33 1/3% of my pay into defense stamps.

Well, here's hoping that 4MOST will soon be my favorite monthly (or bi-monthly).

A loyal reader,
ALLISON SHUMSKY,
Traverse City, Michigan.

three comic magazines
us,"
proud of 4MOST.

in the Pocatello,
I work in my
I earn about \$10
than half of it goes
go to school from
might as as I can work
money to buy more

bonds. I want to do all I can to help win the war.

I have a cousin in the Marines, one in the Army, and one in the Navy. I also have another one in the Navy who was a dive bomber pilot and was reported "missing in action" in the "Battle of the Solomons."

I have no brothers in the service as I am the oldest, but if the war lasts a few years I will be glad to do my part, too.

A Reader,
WALLY FARNES,
Pocatello, Idaho.

P.S. Let's have more of "I Fly for Vengeance."

Let's hope the war won't last long enough to put you in the Service, Wally, even though you're more than willing to serve.

* * * *

Dear Editors:

I read the November issue of the TARGET magazine and "The Cadet" led the magazine by far. "Al T. Tude" was good but no definite point. "Dan'l Flannel" was a close second. "Speck, Spot and Sis" was a let down for all the "Speck, Spot and Sis" stories of late were perfect.

You could improve the comic strip "Chameleon" by discontinuing the serial and having complete stories in one issue.

Yours truly,
IVAN JONES,
Seattle, Washington.

We'll take that "tip" on "The Chameleon," Ivan.

ICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

The CADET

featuring
KIT CARTER

WOW! FEELS
LIKE AN
EARTHQUAKE!

IT'S A GALA EVENING AT
DAUNTON. THE GIRLS FROM
GERALDINE ACADEMY
HAVE BEEN INVITED OVER
FOR A MASQUERADE
BALL.

THAT'S FUNNY,
KIT—THERE'S A
CADET OVER THERE
WHO HASN'T GOT
A COSTUME!

HMM! MAYBE
WE'D BETTER
INVESTIGATE,
DAN—



NEXT MORNING - THE BATTALION IS CALLED TO RANKS JUST AS THE SUN PEERS OVER THE PARADE GROUNDS.....



LET'S GO, FELLOWS - PILE INTO THESE ARMY TRUCKS THEY SENT OVER FROM CAMP CUSTER-----



OH BOY! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THOSE BIG GUNS IN ACTION!!

IN THE DIM LIGHT OF DAWN - A SLIGHTLY BUILT CADET SLIPS OUT OF THE COLONEL'S HOUSE -



-AND HURRIES TO JOIN THE NEWLY-ARRIVED FRESHMAN CLASS AS IT CLIMBS INTO THE BACK OF THE LAST TRUCK..



HURRY UP, BUDDY! YOU ALMOST MISSED THE BUS!

TO AVOID TALKING TO HER COMPANIONS, PEGGY BUSIES HERSELF WITH A BOOK SHE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COLONEL'S HOUSE...

GET A LOAD O' THAT NEW GUY! WHATTA CREEP! BONIN' UP ALREADY!

GUESS HE THINKS HE'LL TAKE GENERAL MACARTHUR'S JOE AWAY FROM HIM!



KIT AND DAN, RIDING WITH THE DRIVER ON THE FIRST TRUCK, ARE IN HIGH SPIRITS.....



BOY! CAN'T YOU JUST SEE THOSE FRESHMEN JUMP WHEN THOSE "BIG BERTHAS" GO OFF!!

I UNDERSTAND YOU LADS ARE IN FOR A REAL TREAT - THEY'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO DEMOLISH AN OLD TARGET SHIP FIVE MILES OUT TO SEA!



WOW! WON'T THAT BE SOMETHIN'!

AN HOUR LATER, THE TRUCKS ROLL THROUGH THE HEAVILY GUARDED GATE TO CAMP CUSTER....



PRAY, FRESHIE YOU CAN PUT YOUR BOOK DOWN NOW—WE'RE GOING TO SEE SOME OF THE REAL THING!

G-GEE! I'M KINDA SORRY I CAME—NOW THAT IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!!

SUPPOSE KIT SHOULD SEE ME—OR WHAT IF THE COLONEL SHOULD—UH-OH!!



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT—PEGGY SEES THE COLONEL APPROACHING THE FRESHMAN GROUP....

I'VE JUST GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



PEGGY DUCKS BEHIND SOME LONG, LOW BUILDINGS AND RUNS TOWARD THE DOCK...



GEE THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE HERE—UH-OH! THERE'S AN OLD, DESERTED SHIP—MAYBE I CAN—

A MOMENT LATER—PEGGY HAS DASHED UP THE GANGPLANK AND NOW HASTENS TO HIDE BELOW DECKS—



WHUEW! I FEEL SAFER DOWN HERE! I CAN KEEP AN EYE PEELED ON THE TRUCKS ASHORE—WHEN THE BATTALION IS READY TO LEAVE, I CAN JOIN THEM....



MY, BUT I FEEL DROWSY! NOT USED TO GETTING UP SO EARLY AFTER A DANCE-- GUESS IT'LL BE SAFE TO LIE DOWN HERE A FEW MINUTES...



SAY-- WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT CREEPY LITTLE FRESHMAN WITH THE BIG BOOK?

AW-- WHO CARES? LISTEN TO THE COLONEL!



ASHORE--THE COLONEL IS BUSILY LECTURING THE CORPS ON VARIOUS TYPES OF GUNS...

BOY--WHAT A BEAUT!

GOOD FOR DUCK HUNTING TOO, I'LL BET IF

THIS IS THE ARMY'S 90 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, BOYS--IT'S A REAL PLANE KILLER, ETC., ETC.--



DOWN AT THE WHARF, A TOW SHIP BEGINS TOWING THE DILAPIDATED OLD SHIP OUT TO DEEP WATER...



HOPE HER BARNACLES DON'T SINK HER BEFORE SHE GETS INTO POSITION!!

AND NOW, GENTLEMEN--WE'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE TEST FIRING OF A BRAND NEW COASTAL GUN--IT'S EXACT SPECIFICATIONS MUST REMAIN SECRET--BUT YOU'LL SEE ITS AMAZING EFFICIENCY-- FOLLOW ME!



THIS IS WHAT THAT SOLDIER TOLD US ABOUT, KIT!!

YOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT BABY!

IS YOUR GUN-CREW READY, CAPTAIN?



YES, COLONEL, BUT WE HAVEN'T RECEIVED THE SIGNAL FROM THE NAVAL TOW SHIP THAT THE TARGET IS IN POSITION...



OUT AT SEA—JUST ON THE HORIZON—
THE OLD DESTROYER IS CAST ADRIFT
FROM THE TOW VESSEL.....



BOYS—THE CAPTAIN HAS LENT
US SEVERAL PAIRS OF HIGH-
POWERED BINOCULARS WITH
WHICH TO OBSERVE THE
ACCURACY OF THE FIRE
POWER ON THAT OLD
HULK OUT THERE.....

BOY! I'D
HATE TO
BE ON HER
RIGHT NOW!!



WE'VE GOT WORD SHE'S IN
POSITION. GENTLEMEN—FIRST
WE'LL STRADDLE THE TARGET
WITH A COUPLE OF TRIAL
SHOTS—THEN, WE'LL CLIP OFF
HER STACKS—FINALLY, WE'LL
HIT HER BELOW DECKS AND
SINK HER. READY, SERGEANT?

READY
SIR!



BOOM!

FIRE!

WOW! WHATTA SHOT!
JUST MISSED HER
BY YARDS!



LET ME WATCH
THE NEXT ONE,
DAN!

THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLODING
SHELL THROWS PEGGY, ON THE
TARGET SHIP, TO THE FLOOR...



W-WHERE
AM I?

I-I MUST HAVE FALLEN
ASLEEP—I'D BETTER
GET ASHORE!



W-WHY WE—I MEAN I
AM MILES OUT TO SEA!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?



AGAIN THE GIANT
COASTAL GUN BOOMS
ON SHORE.....



THE SHELL FALLS JUST ASTERN
OF THE OLD VESSEL.....



ASHORE AT THE GUN EMPLACEMENT,
THE CAPTAIN COOLY CONTINUES WITH
HIS "DEMONSTRATION"-----

AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, THAT YOU HAVE
SEEN THE ACCURACY WITH WHICH WE
CAN "CALL OUR SHOTS"- WE WILL
ADMINISTER THE "COUP DE GRACE."



ON THE PARAPET-
KIT SUDDENLY
SHOUTS IN ALARM.





THEN, WITHOUT WARN-
ING-THE PREDATORY
EYE OF A BOLD
ENEMY SUBMARINE
PIERCES THE CALM
COASTAL WATERS!!



ASHORE - AN ANXIOUS
GROUP OF CADETS STANDS
BY AS THE CAPTAIN
STUDIES THE HULK
THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE...





KIT WASTES NO TIME
IN DIVING IN!



18 MEN and a BOAT

BASED ON THE FACTUAL STORY BY LT. COMDR. JOHN MORRILL, U.S.N.,
AS TOLD TO PETE MARTIN

PART
THREE

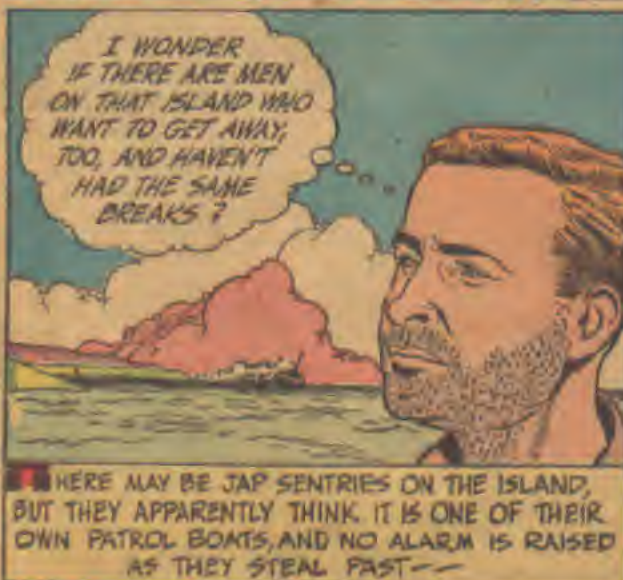


LT. COMDR.
MORRILL



THE JAPANESE MAY HAVE CAPTURED THE PHILIPPINES, BUT ONE GROUP OF 18 MEN REFUSES TO SURRENDER-- THEY ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE IN A 36-FOOT DIESEL BOAT.

HERE IS THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF THEIR STORY-- A SAGA OF SEAMAN-- AND STRIFE THAT TAKES THEM THROUGH STORMS TO SAFETY-- AS TOLD BY THE MAN WHO BROUGHT THEM THROUGH TO AUSTRALIA.



EVEN THOUGH THEY CANNOT USE A LIGHT TO READ THE COMPASS, THEY SPOT THE ISLAND THEY SEEK --



WHEN THE SUN COMES UP, THEY WORK THEIR WAY CLOSER, BUT HAVE TO GIVE UP. THE SUN IS TOO MUCH FOR THE EXHAUSTED MEN AND THEY CRAWL UNDER THEIR KHAKI PONCHOS UNTIL IT SINKS AGAIN --



WHEN IT IS DARK ENOUGH TO GET UNDER WAY AGAIN, MORE TROUBLE DEVELOPS --



STRUGGLING ALONG ON THE SICK ENGINE, THEY FIND VERDE ISLAND PASSAGE PATROLLED BY JAPS --

THEY DECIDE TO SNEAK BETWEEN THE JAP BOATS, BUT --



RACING THE ENGINE MADLY WITHOUT MOVING AN INCH, THEY DANGLE IN THE WEB OF THE TIDE FOR THREE AGONIZING HOURS -- WITHIN CLEAR SIGHT OF THE JAP SHIPS --



-- AND JUST AS THEY START TO GAIN ON THE PATROL BOATS AROUND THEM --



WORKING LIKE FIENDS ON THE MOTOR, THEY WATCH THEMSELVES DRIFT BACK THROUGH BOTH LINES OF PATROL BOATS --



THEN, WITH THE MOTOR RE-FILLED AND THE CURRENT NOW ON THEIR SIDE, THEY CHARGE BACK THROUGH THE PICKET LINES AND INTO CLEAR WATER.

AT DAWN THEY REACH A BEACH WELL UP THE COAST. NATIVES APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY, BUT SEE THEY ARE WHITE, AND GREET THEM.





THE NATIVES FEED THEM ROYALLY ON CHICKEN, BOILED RICE, AND FRUIT, BEFORE THEY SAIL ON UP THE COAST--

AT ANOTHER VILLAGE, EXCEPT FOR ONE SCARED OLD MAN, THE NATIVES HAVE TAKEN TO THE HILLS. THEY HAVE SEEN THE JAPS ABUSE THEIR PEOPLE, AND THEY ARE MOSTLY ANTI-JAPANESE--



HOW ABOUT THE FEW WHO ARE STILL PRO-JAPANESE?

THEY ARE ALL DEAD. WE KILL THEM.



MY FATHER, WHO IS PLANTER HERE, WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU TAKE LUNCH WITH HIM--

WHAT DO YOU SAY HEAD? LET'S GO-- THE BOYS WANT TO WORK ON THE ENGINE--

A FILIPINO LANDOWNER INVITES THEM TO VISIT HIS PLANTATION ON THE ISLAND--



WHEN THE JAPS COME, THEY TAKE EVERYTHING-- TRACTOR, PLOWS, ELECTRIC WIRES-- EVEN THE PUMPS. FOR THE AMERICANS IT IS WORSE-- THEY HAVE SEEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN TIED TOGETHER AND DRIVEN THROUGH THE STREETS--

THEY'LL PAY FOR ALL OF IT!



A TRADER PUT IN HERE AND SOLD US A PAPER-- IT HAS A SPEECH HERE BY GEN. WAINWRIGHT-- IT ORDERS ALL AMERICAN TROOPS TO SURRENDER!



YEAH? WELL, FROM NOW ON WE'RE JUST 18 GUYS ON OUR WAY TO AUSTRALIA!

BEFORE GOING ON THE NEXT DAY, THE MEN BATHE IN A JUNGLE POOL-- BUT NOT WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE!



MEANTIME, FILIPINOS HELP THEM TO MAKE A MAST OF BAMBOO, WHILE THE CREW FASHIONS A SAIL FROM TARP-AULINS--



AT LAST THEY ARE HEADING ON THE COURSE TO AUSTRALIA, AND THE ENGINE PURRS LIKE A STROKED CAT--



SURE ENOUGH, THE WAVES ARE KICKING UP, AND A DRIVING RAIN MAKES IT STILL MORE UNPLEASANT--



THE STORM SUBSIDES EVENTUALLY, AND THEY ARE PROCEEDING SMOOTHLY WHEN STEELE SIGHTS MALAPASCUA ISLAND--



IT IS A DESTROYER, AND THE CREW IS READY WITH GUNS, JUST AS IF THE ENEMY WAS NO BIGGER THAN THEY! BUT THEY ARE TENSE DESPITE THEIR NONCHALANCE--



WE'LL HAVE TO GET INTO THE SHELTER OF AN ISLAND!

THE ISLAND HIDES THEM FROM THE DESTROYER, BUT COMING AROUND A POINT THEY SAIL RIGHT OUT INTO THE VIEW OF--



A JAP SHIP! HEADING THIS WAY!

THEY'VE PROBABLY SEEN US--WE CAN'T TURN BACK. KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, AND MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE US FOR A JAP PATROL.

WE'LL PASS ABOUT 3000 YDS. APART--TURN YOUR FACE AWAY, TAYLOR, WHILE WE KEEP COVERED--

GOOD THING I'VE GOT BLACK HAIR!



PHEW! IT WILL BE TOUGH IF TAYLOR'S HAIR TURNS GRAY WHILE WE'RE CROSSING THAT JAP!



BUT IT WORKS, SOMEHOW, AND THE JAPANESE SHIP PASSES BY--

--AND ANY PLACE WHERE WE CAN BUY OIL AND CANNED FOOD?

MY FATHER WILL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL YOU NEED--



THEY FIND THEIR WAY TO A PHILIPPINE TOWN UNTOUCHED BY THE JAPS, AND LUCK, FOR--



--THEY ARE THE GUESTS OF A WEALTHY FILIPINO, WHO INVITES THEM TO HIS GIANT SHOW PLACE OF A MANSION--A STRANGE FEELING AFTER DAYS OF HIDING AT SEA---

BUT THEIR ADVENTURES ARE FAR FROM OVER.

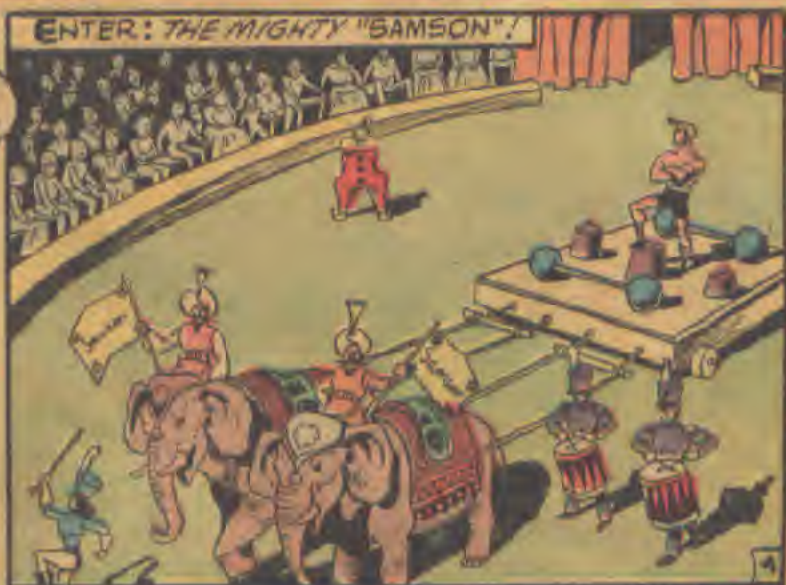
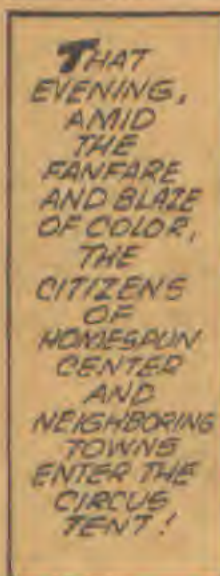
AUSTRALIA AND SAFETY ARE MILES AWAY, AND THE JAPS ARE SCOUTING THE ISLANDS FOR EVERY REMAINING AMERICAN--HOW THEY CONTINUE TO EVADE THE SEARCHERS IS TOLD IN THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF LT. COMDR. MORRILL'S TRUE STORY

DAN'L FLANNEL









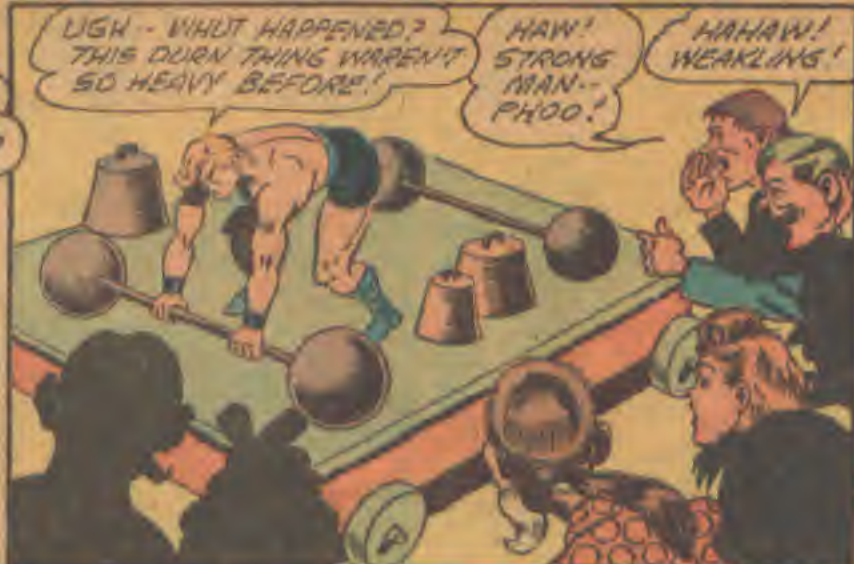
BUT THE VENGFUL BRUNO IS ALSO ON THE SCENE...
HAW! JUST WAIT'LL HE TRIES TO LIFT THAT WEIGHT... IT'S BOLTED TO THE PLATFORM!
HA! HA!



LIGH -- WHAT HAPPENED? THIS DURN THING WAREN'T SO HEAVY BEFORE!

HAW! STRONG MAN... PHOO!

HAHAW! WEAKLINGS!



BUT...

NO WONDER I HAD A MITE OF TROUBLE! WAS BOLTED TO THE FLOOR!

'RAY FER SAMSON!

DAN'S A CHAMP!

HOORAYVY!

DRAT THAT KID! WELL, I DIDN'T TRIP HIM UP BUT I CAN STILL RUIN THE SHOW AND GET EVEN WITH PARNUT!

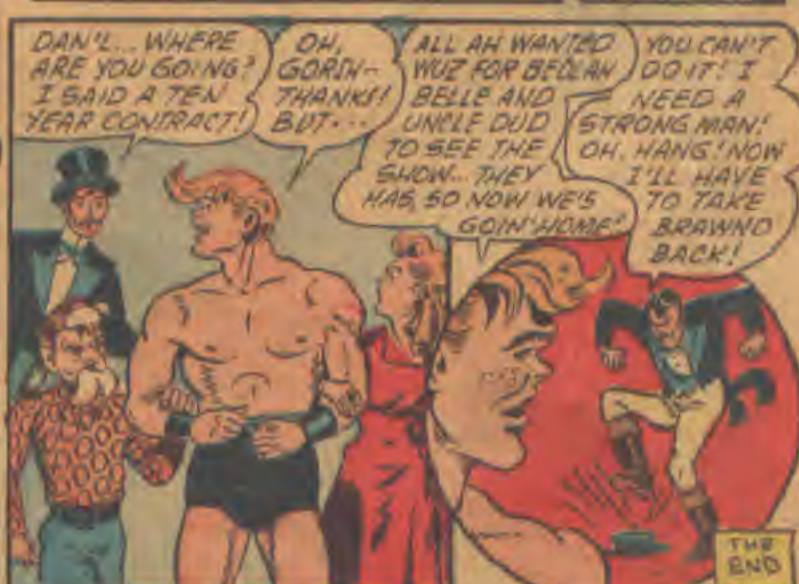
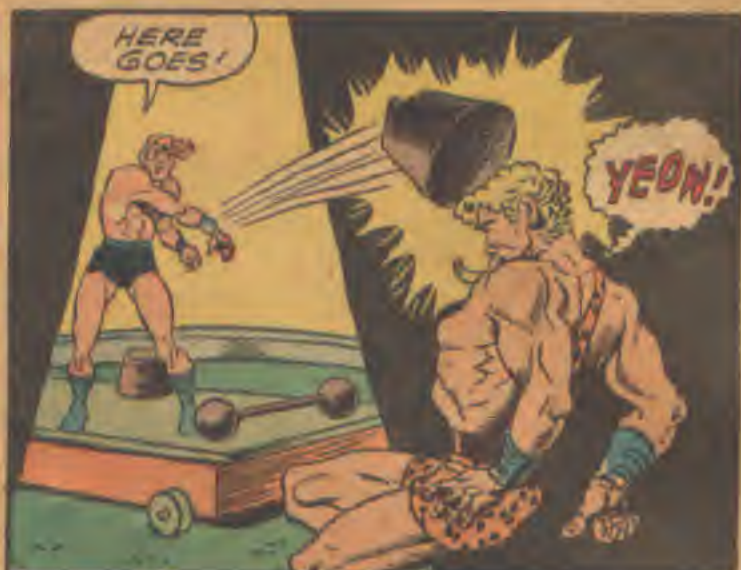


THIS FIRE'LL BURN THE WHOLE SHOW DOWN... PARNUT'LL BE RUINED!

BUT DAN DISCOVERS THE ARSONIST!

(GUILT) THAT IDIOT IS STARTING A FIRE... HE'S A GONNA HURT SOMEONE!





BULL'S-EYE BILL



THE NALES
TRY TO STOP A
SHIPMENT OF
ARMY MULES AND
FIND THAT THERE'S
A TOUGH KICK
HEADED IN
THEIR
DIRECTION.

CAPTAIN
BILL TARGET
OF THE
U.S. CAVALRY

IS HOME
ON
FURLOUGH--
SO FAR,
HE'S
HAD NO
CHANCE
TO REST
WHAT
WITH
BLACK
MARKET
RUSTLERS
AND
NOW--

SAY, BILL, AIN'T
THOSE OL' MULES
SUPPOSED TO
BE SHIPPED
OUT TODAY?

YES, IKE--
I'M ON MY
WAY OVER
TO THE
CORRAL
NOW!

CAPTAIN GRIND
ASKED ME TO SEE
TO THEIR LOADING--
WANT TO COME
ALONG?

HUH-- GOT ENUFF
TROUBLES WITHOUT
TRYIN' TO SHOVE
ORNERY CRITTERS
WHAR THEY DON'T
WANT TO GO!



LEAVE IT TO IKE TO KEEP
OUT OF TROUBLE! OH
WELL -- THERE'S THE
CAPTAIN NOW!



HELLO BILL!
I'M GLAD
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE HERE!

HOW SOON DO
WE START?



RIGHT NOW!
WE PLAN TO
DRIVE THEM
TO SAN LOREDO
AND LOAD
THEM THERE
FOR SHIP-
MENT TO THE EAST
COAST!

THEY'RE
TO BE
SENT
OVER-
SEAS, EN?



MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY--

SEE
ANYTHING
YET,
FRITZ?

JA! DEY ARE
ROUNDING
UP DER ANIMALS
NOW SOON DEY
VILL START DER
DRIVE!



OUR ORDERS ARE
TO STOP DOSE
MULES FROM REACHING
EUROPE! IF DER
ALLIES DON'T GET
DEM, IT VILL HOLD
UP DER WAR!



DER ONLY THING
IS HOW CAN
VE DO DAT?

VE MUST FIGURE
OUT A GOOD
WAY!



I HAFF AN IDEA!
VE NEED
ONLY DER
CAR UND A
FEW STICKS
OF DYNAMITE!

GOOT-- I
THINK I
KNOW VAT
YOU MEAN!







FRITZ MAKES CONTACT WITH AN ARMY MULE!



HOWEVER, BILL RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW --



SWIFTLY, BILL LUNGES FORWARD AND GRABS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE OF THE NOW SPEEDING CAR! HE PULLS BACK AND --

OKAY, YOU CAN STOP NOW! EH? WAS?!



AND THIS IS FOR THE CRACK ON THE HEAD YOU GAVE ME!



CAPTAIN GRIND RIDES UP --

BEAUTIFUL, BILL! WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THEM!



GOOD -- NOW ABOUT THE MULES? HOPE IT DIDN'T RILE THEM UP TOO MUCH -- I PROMISED IKE I'D BE BACK FOR DINNER!



LATER --

HI, BILL -- ANY EXCITEMENT?



HUH -- YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER, IKE, THAN TO SUGGEST THERE MIGHT BE ANYTHING EXCITING ABOUT A MULE!

BULL'S EYE BILL HAS A LITTLE MORE FURLOUGH TIME -- BUT, WE KNOW FURLOUGHS DON'T MEAN REST FOR CAPTAIN BILL TARGET!



JERRY WILKINS, fireman on the freighter *London*, regained consciousness as a sudden lurch of the ship splashed water over his face while he lay prostrate on the floor. As his mind cleared, he remembered how a similar lurch, following the explosion, had thrown him from the ladder. And, as he had been the last to attempt to leave the fireroom, his mates hadn't seen his frantic efforts to hold on.

Now as he got to his feet he began once more to crawl up the ladder. The water was rising. His body ached and he still was somewhat dazed. He persisted though and, inch by inch, he ascended. Then, when he felt his fingers slipping and things going black, a brawny arm was thrust through the opening above and a strong hand grasped his wrist.

On deck, with a fresh breeze blowing, consciousness again returned. Steve Morgan, another fireman, stood nearby.

"Feel better, kid?" he asked.

"Yee, Steve, and thanks for giving me a hand. How bad is the damage?"

"Torpedo hit the stern . . . rudder and propeller busted . . . won't sink right away unless we get another hit . . ." He hustled away to obey an order.

Jerry attempted to get to his feet, but failed. The fall had winded him and he lay back and closed his eyes.

He'd been on the freighter three days. Shipping as fireman had been far from his mind until just before he signed up. He'd always wanted to be a radio operator—on ship. Radio had been his dream. But he'd done more than dream; he'd worked and studied, denied himself luxuries, even proper meals, so he'd have time and money for school.

AS HE lay on deck now behind a pile of fallen timbers which hid him from view, he heard voices.

"The radio room is practically wrecked, Sir," someone said. "The operator is badly injured."

"Is he too far gone to send out a distress call?"

Jerry recognized the Captain's voice.

"Afraid so, Sir. Besides the apparatus seems hopelessly damaged." The two men moved away.

Jerry stirred a leg. He tried the other. He flexed the muscles of his arms. The fresh breeze and few minutes rest had done wonders. His mind raced. There wasn't time to reason things out. Here was a chance to be of service. He managed to get to his feet and approached the master who stood near the rail. Captain Hansen's face was grave.

"If I may have permission, Sir," Jerry addressed him, "I'd like to try rigging up an emergency set. I've had considerable experience, Sir."

JERRY entered the radio room. Fallen timbers had wrecked the motor-generator.

Wires were torn loose. Splintered glass from a big amplifying tube littered the table. The equipment wasn't modern; probably had been on the freighter since she was built.

Captain Hansen shook his head in a negative manner.

"Looks hopeless, son," he remarked.

"It does, Sir, but I'll try to hook up a simple aerial spark transmitter . . . it's impossible to use even one side of the regular circuit . . ." He grabbed a pair of pliers and removed all connections from the three secondary terminals of the plate transformer, connecting the antenna to one outside secondary terminal. He flipped a switch without result. He examined other parts.

While Jerry worked, Captain Hansen gazed out across the sea. A quarter mile away the submarine was surfacing; then began maneuvering close to the damaged freighter. It let go with a shell which dropped into the sea. The next shell made a direct hit on the deck aft.

Captain Hansen's first thought was of the drums of high-octane gasoline the ship carried. If they became ignited there'd be difficulty launching the boats. There was no way to cope with the submarine. His only hope, and a slim one, was the wireless.

He ordered the crew to abandon ship and lay off astern. He remained behind. As the last boat cleared away a shell hit near the drums. Fire leaped high and within a few seconds the deck aft was burning furiously.

In the radio room sweat rolled from Jerry's face, and as he leaned over the table tumbled hair fell across bloodshot eyes. With one hand he flung it back and completed a connection.

Jerry long had thought of the time when he'd be an operator aboard ship. But his wildest dreams never pictured anything like this. So deep was his concentration as he frantically

spliced wires, making numerous experiments, that it was some moments before he realized the ship was on fire.

BUT AFTER what seemed like ages, with tools and discarded parts littering the table, he tapped the key. A tiny spark flashed across the gap. It worked. His face was flushed with victory. But this was no time for elation. Without a moment's hesitation he began sending a distress call. Three dots, three dashes, three dots—S O S. He repeated it over and over, giving every few seconds the freighter's name. He didn't know the ship's call letters. He didn't know its position, and he couldn't ask Captain Hansen. The skipper had his hands full directing the launching of the boats. But Jerry kept up the calls, working blindly, as he had no receiving set. Then, suddenly, Captain Hansen appeared in the doorway. In an instant he saw what was happening.

"Fine work, son," he rapped out, grabbing Jerry's arm in a vise-like grip. "but now we'll have to make a dive for our very lives . . . we'll be under in a matter of minutes." As he spoke the ship's deck seemed to fall away. "Hurry," he said, "overboard—as fast as you can . . ."

Caught in the suction of the sinking freighter, Jerry twice was carried under by entangling rigging, but each time fought his way to the surface. Captain Hansen, swimming rapidly, was picked up by a lifeboat, took command, and directed the rescue of Jerry, who, all but exhausted, was hauled aboard. A few minutes later all that remained in sight were the three lifeboats with their twenty survivors, and in the distance the U-boat, still on the surface. Overhead a warm sun sent its rays across a calm sea.

Jerry wondered if his efforts had been successful. The same thought was in Captain Hansen's mind.

"Do you think your calls got through, son?" he asked, his face drawn.

"Yes, sir," Jerry replied. "The chances are good, sir."

"They'll be able to fix our position, I understand . . ."

"Yes, sir, by triangulation, especially if shore stations received the call."

"How about other ships in the vicinity?"

"That seems even more likely, sir."

THE AFTERNOON wore on. Captain Hansen began the careful rationing of food and water stored in the boats. They might drift or sail for days . . .

The night passed. Men slept occasionally for a few minutes, others keeping watch but without sign of a ship. There was very little grumbling. And in the first glow of sunrise all hands were

thrilled by a tiny speck on the horizon. It grew larger. Evidently the U-boat captain saw it, too, for a few minutes later he began submerging. And as the vessel became distinguishable to the men in the boats a shout went up.

"A United States destroyer," Captain Hansen announced, his face breaking into a grin. But the destroyer wasn't heading their way. Its course was set straight for the submerging U-boat.

"I'll take care of the sub first," Captain Hansen said.

A few minutes later the destroyer did just that. A salvo of depth bombs was dropped. The sub, only partly submerged, circled slowly for ten minutes, then, completely disabled, plunged beneath the surface. Turning then, the destroyer headed toward the open boats.

"I feel like cheering," Jerry exclaimed, his face glowing.

"Go ahead and cheer, son," Captain Hansen laughed. "You've got a right to."

THE END

STATEMENT BY THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF TARGET COMICS, published ten times per year at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1943.

State of Pennsylvania
County of Philadelphia

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. C. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Treasurer of Target Comics, Inc., publisher of TARGET COMICS, and that the following is, in the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Public Laws and Regulations, passed in the session of this State, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Target Press, Inc., 252 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Stanley H. Korman, 47 Melrose St., Brookville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stanley H. Korman, 27 Melrose St., Brookville, N. Y.; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: All owned by a corporation, its name and address will be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and address of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given. (Newly Press, Inc., 252 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the full of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders do not evenly hold the shares, also the names of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation. The name of the person or corporation for which such master is acting, if given; and that the said two paragraphs contain statements, embracing all the full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as owners, hold their stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities, than as so stated by him.

Newly Press, Inc.

R. C. MacNeal, Treasurer.

Subscribed and attested before me this 29th day of September, 1943.

W. C. ZIMMERMAN, Notary Public.

(My commission expires February 3, 1945.)

CANDID Charlie

By B. Gordon Quith

CHARLIE WAS ON HIS WAY TO MEXICO TO INVESTIGATE SABOTAGE OF AN OIL WELL OWNED BY MR. VAN GILT. UNKNOWINGLY HE FELL INTO A TRAP SET BY TWO ENEMY AGENTS, WHO WERE OUT TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM LEARNING TOO MUCH ABOUT THE SITUATION. ONE NIGHT WHILE SNAPPING A PICTURE CHARLIE WAS PUSHED OFF THE TRAIN. LUCKILY HE LANDED ON A LOADED WHEAT BARGE. LATER IT DOCKED AT A PIER NEAR THE R.R. STATION BUT



WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN ARRIVE? AND WILL IT TAKE ME TO THE BORDER?

ETS

IT AINT THET EASY SON! YA GOTTA BUY A TICKET AT THE NEXT JUNCTION. THERE WON'T BE ANY TRAIN PASSIN HERE FER A WEEK. IT'LL COST YA A DOLLAR FER SAM HOGAN TA DRIVE YA THERE.



GOLLY, MY WALLET'S GONE! MUST HAVE DROPPED IT IN THE RIVER.



HERE I AM HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, BROKE, HUNGRY. THE ONLY THING LEFT IS MY CAMERA, AND I CANT EAT IT. AS IT IS, I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, BUT I'M GETTING AWFULLY SCARED.



GETTING NO SYMPATHY OR HELP IN THE LITTLE TOWN. CHARLIE STARTS TO HIKE TO THE NEXT TOWN.



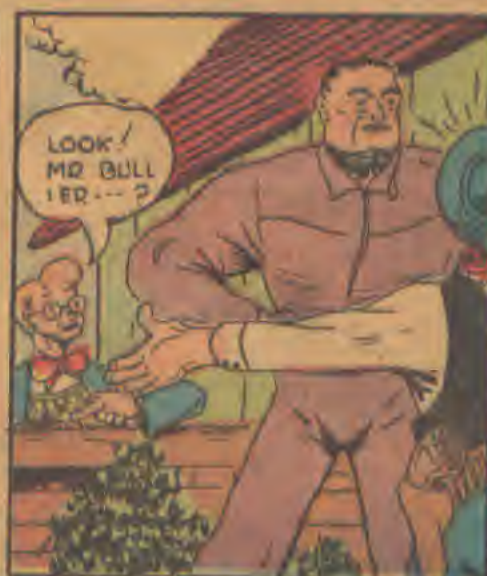








THE FOREMAN
OF BAR U
ASKS CHARLIE
TO STAY
OVERNIGHT,
BUT BEFORE
HE GOES TO
SLEEP,
CHARLIE GETS
AN IDEA





THE TRI-STATE LIMITED
ROARS AROUND A
CURVE AND . . .

THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES THAT
SAME EVENING READ - - -

The DAILY

**TRI-STATE LIMITED
DERAILED!**
**TWO HUNDRED DEAD IN
LATEST TRAIN CATASTROPHE.**

THIRD TRAIN WRECK
IN THE STATE IN
PAST MONTH --

-- AND AT ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS ... [REDACTED]

WELL, BOYS, THE ARMY
IS BECOMING VERY
INTERESTED IN
THESE TRAIN & THE
WRECKS!

THE ARMY
VERY
IN
N
I HOPE YOU
MEAN THAT
WE'RE BEING
ASSIGNED TO
THE INVESTIGATION!
THIS KIND OF SABOTAGE
MUST BE STOPPED!



YES-- IN EVERY CASE HIGH ARMY OFFICIALS HAVE BEEN KILLED!

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS INVOLVED!



SIR, WE'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO WORK ON THIS CASE IN OUR OWN WAY!

CERTAINLY, NILES-- WE'RE NOT GOING TO START INTERFERING WITH THE METHODS OF THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS NOW! GOOD LUCK!



SOMETIME LATER--
OKAY, WE'RE RAILROAD WORKERS NOW, NILES--
WHAT NEXT?

NOTHING UNTIL WE GET SOME KIND OF LEAD!



THEN---

HEY!?

WHA--



FIND SOMETHING, NILES?

WOW! WHAT DID WE HIT?

I DON'T KNOW-- LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT RAIL!

YOU BET-- A DERAILER, TOM! RAILROAD MEN OFTEN USE THEM TO STOP A RUNAWAY CAR!



I WONDER WHAT IT'S BEEN PUT THERE FOR? CERTAINLY NOT TO TRIP US UP! HMM... THREE THIRTY! HOLY SMOKES! THE MEMORIAL LIMITED IS DUE THROUGH HERE ANY MINUTE! GET TO WORK, BOYS!



THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS SET TO WORK - FRANTICALLY RIPPING THE DEVICE FROM THE TRACK!



UH! THESE NUTS ARE SURE SCREWED ON TIGHT!

I'LL SAY... HMM... THIS ONE'S LOOSENING!

HEY... LOOK! HERE SHE COMES! HURRY IT UP, FELLOWS!



IT'S OFF! JUMP!

WHEN! JUST MADE IT!



THERE'S JUST A SLIM CHANCE THAT THE BOYS WHO SET THIS GADGET IN PLACE ARE HANGING AROUND WAITING FOR THE CRASH!



COULD BE... WON'T HURT TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

WELL, IF WE MEET ANY SABOTEURS, I WANT IT TO BE AS THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS!



OKAY

THE THREE HASTILY THROW OFF THEIR CAMOUFLAGE AND START A SEARCH!



THERE'S A TRUCK STOPPED ON THE HIGHWAY!

THEY LOOK AS IF THEY HAVE A FLAT TIRE!

OR MAYBE THEY FIGURE THAT'S A GOOD DISGUISE!

THAT COULD BE, DAVE! THEY'RE IN A GOOD POSITION TO HEAR THE CRASH WHEN THE TRAIN WENT OFF THE RAIL!

NOW DO WE CHECK UP ON THEM, NILES?

WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE BEFORE WE START ANY TROUBLE -- YOU TWO START SOMETHING AND ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION WHILE I GET A LOOK INSIDE THAT TRUCK!

RIGHT!

AND, AT THE TRUCK --

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- DER TRAIN WENT RIGHT BY -- ARE YOU SHURE VE PUT DAT DERAILER ON RIGHT?

JA -- SOMETHING HASS GONE WRONG! BUT WASS -- HOW?

THEN, THE BOYS GO TO WORK!

HELP!

DERE, IN DER BUSHES --

WASS ISS DAS?

MAYBE IT ISS DER DUMB-KOPFS WHO RUINED OUR PLANS -- COME, VE SEE!

UND VE KILL HIM! -- BUT BE CAREFUL, OTTO!

TOM AND DAVE GOT THEM AWAY -- GOOD! NOW TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS OF THEIR TRUCK...

WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, I'M SURE -- THOSE MEN HAD A GOOD THICK GERMAN ACCENT BUT IT WON'T HURT TO MAKE CERTAIN!



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER NAZI... THE TRUCK'S DRIVER... QUIETLY SNEAKS OUT BEHIND TARGET...



UP MIT DER HANDS!

OH-OH! I LET MYSELF IN FOR THIS! HMM... THAT TIRE



NILES DUCKS AND KICKS OUT---

SWINE!

SWINE YOURSELF!



DONDER!



MOVING SWIFTLY, NILES RECOVERS THE NAZI'S GUN AND...

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS HOW YOU GUYS MANAGED TO GET TIRES AND GAS!

BAH!



OH, SO YOU'VE BEEN BUSY, TOO, TARGET?

HERE THEY ARE-- ALL PACKED FOR DELIVERY!

NICE WORK!



A FEW HOURS LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS:

CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS! I HAVE NO DOUBT, MAJOR HANLON, THAT THESE NAZIS 'THE REST OF IT IS UP TO US' THEY'LL BE READY AND WE'RE GOING TO TELL YOU WHO THE RING LEADERS ARE!



TARGET AND TARGETEERS HAVE DONE IT AGAIN AND THEY'LL BE BACK TO DO IT AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE. YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN YOURSELF BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

SPECK SPOT and SIS..

WHO'S DOG? THIS QUESTION IS YET TO BE DECIDED - AND NOW IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY.

HE'S A ONE-MAN DOG -- AND THAT MAN IS ME!

WOW!



THAT DOG MUST STAY OUTSIDE - HE HAS A HOUSE OF HIS OWN!

AW-MOM - IT'S COLD OUTSIDE TO-NIGHT!

WHISTLE - (IN THE SOFT TONE) HERE SPOT - HERE..

I DON'T LIKE TO DISOBEY MOM - BUT..

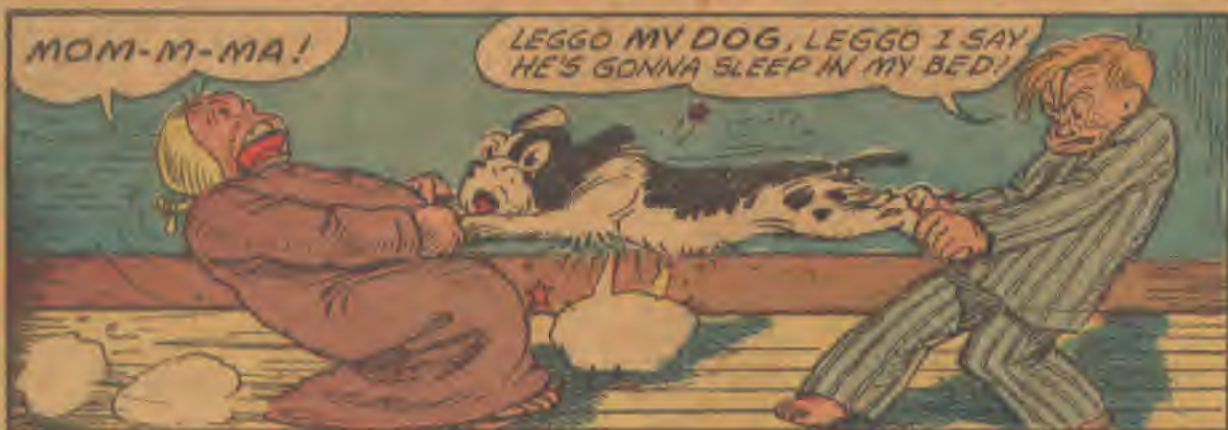


MOM JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND DOGS - COME ON, OLD BOY - YOU'RE NEAR FROZEN!

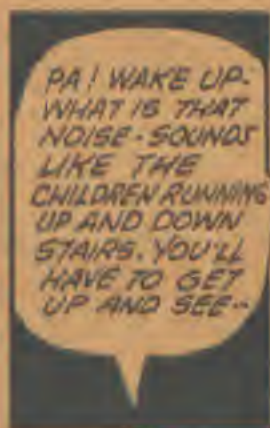
BRR-R..











PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

WHAT A SPOT TO BE IN-- I'VE GOT TO GET THIS LIST OF GERMAN SPIES TO BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AND STILL--

PARACHUTING FROM THE DISABLED HELICOPTER, CHAMELEON LANDS DEEP INSIDE GERMANY AND STUMBLES UPON AN UNDERGROUND MUNITIONS PLANT. HE SUCCEEDS IN ELUDING PURSUIT AND ACQUIRES A NAZI UNIFORM IN THE PROCESS, WHICH GIVES HIM SOME FREEDOM FOR ACTION BUT, WHAT WILL HIS NEXT STEP BE?



THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! WITH A LITTLE LUCK I COULD DO A SABOTAGE JOB ON THIS PLANT THAT WOULD PUT A KINK IN THE NAZI WAR EFFORT!

THEN--

SOMEONE COMING... I'D BETTER MAKE UP MY MIND QUICKLY! CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE BY TALKING TO THESE GUYS IN--



I THINK I'LL TAKE A CHANCE
ON IT -- HERE COMES A FREIGHT
TRAIN...



HERE GOES!



CHAMELEON LANDS SAFELY ON
TOP OF A BOX CAR --

HM -- THESE CARS MUST BE
EMPTY! THEY'RE HEADING
INTO THE FACTORY... PRO-
BABLY TO PICK UP A LOAD!



CHAMELEON MOVES ALONG THE
TOP OF THE TRAIN UNTIL --

AH -- THIS ONE IS OPEN! I'LL
DUCK UNTIL I CAN GET THE LAY
OF THE LAND!



BUT, AS CHAMELEON LOWERS HIMSELF
THROUGH THE DOOR, A MAN TURNS
SWIFTLY...



STAND BACK -- NOW
WHAT ARE YOU UP
TO?

I -- I WAS
JUST



WAIT A SEC...
WHAT'S
THAT BEHIND
YOU?

WHAT DID YOU SAY?
WHY -- YOU'RE NOT
A NAZI?



NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT -- STAND ASIDE!

ALL RIGHT -- IT'S A TIME BOMB!

WOW! WELL, YOU'RE NO NAZI EITHER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT WEREN'T THE SAME REASON YOU ARE HERE!

I'M BERT MANVILLE, A BRITISH SABOTAGE EXPERT, THIS TIME-BOMB IS INTENDED TO BLOW UP THE UNDERGROUND PLANT!

I'M PETE STOCKBRIDGE, ATTACHED TO ALLIED SECRET SERVICE!

WE MIGHT AS WELL WORK TOGETHER ON THIS -- IT SEEMS WE'RE AFTER THE SAME THING!

WHAT WAS YOUR PLAN? I SORT OF STUMBLED INTO THIS SO...

WELL, MY INSTRUCTIONS WERE ONLY TO SEE THAT THIS UNDERGROUND PLANT WAS DESTROYED -- IF I GET OUT OF IT, I'M TO RADIO LONDON AND THEY'LL SEND A PLANE FOR ME!

GOOD -- WE'LL SEE YOU GET OUT BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO GET TO ENGLAND AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

WAIT -- THE TRAIN'S SLOWING DOWN! WE MUST BE PULLING IN AT A LOADING PLATFORM!

RIGHT -- WE'D BETTER GET THIS TIME BOMB IN PLACE QUICKLY -- WILL YOU HELP?

IT'S A PLEASURE! THIS IS A NEAT JOB, BERT-- THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT!

I TRUST NOT-- WE'LL HAVE TO STICK AROUND AS LONG AS POSSIBLE TO MAKE CERTAIN! THE BOMB IS SET TO GO OFF IN AN HOUR! WHAT NOW?

I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU PRISONER-- THAT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO HANG AROUND UNTIL THE LOADING IS WELL UNDER WAY!

RIGHTO! BUT THEN WHAT?

THE TRAIN COMES TO A HALT AND--

NOW, VERDAMPT SPY YOU GET WHAT IS COMING TO YOU!

WAS?

?

NO!
NO!

MOVE, NOW OR I SHOOT!

AH-- WHAT HAPPENED, PRIVATE?

YOU FILTHY HUN-- TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

I CAUGHT DER ENGLISHER JUMPING ON DER TRAIN OUTSIDE DER YARDS-- NATURALLY, I FOLLOWED HIM AND TOOK HIM PRISONER!

GOOT WORK! YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR POST NOW, I TAKE CARE OF HIM!

BUT-- HE ISS MY PRISONER! I VILL TAKE HIM OUTSIDE TO DER MILITARY POLICE UND HAFF HIM--

DER GESTAPO UND DER GUARDS HERE VILL HANDLE DAT! YOU VILL OBEY ORDERS OR I VILL HAFF YOU SHOT FOR INSUBORDINATION!

OH-- OH!

SO, YOU WANT TO SWIPE MY PRISONER, EH?

UGHH!

NOW YOU'VE DONE
IT, OLD BOY!

LOOKS THAT
WAY?

AMERIKANERS --
SPIES -- GET DEM
BOTH!



WE'VE GOT TO STALL THEM NOW OR
THEY'LL UNCOVER THE WHOLE
THING... I'VE GOT IT! STOP
WHERE YOU ARE!



ONE FALSE MOVE, AND I'LL SHOOT INTO
THAT BOX OF GRENADES -- VERSTEHENSIE?

DON'T MOVE -- HE'LL
EXPLODE DER WHOLE
PLANT -- DO AS
HE SAYS!



THAT'S BETTER NOW DROP
YOUR GUNS!

QUICK THINKING
OLD CHAP -- I'LL
GET THEIR
WEAPONS!



ALL ACCOUNTED FOR, PETE -- BUT WHAT
CAN WE DO WITH THESE BLIGHTERS?
IF WE LEAVE THEM TO SEND OUT AN
ALARM --

WE'LL FIX THAT
EASILY! TAKE OFF
YOUR BELTS, YOU
GUYS! FAST, NOW!



C'MON, MOVE -- TIME'S
AWASTING!

JA-JA! WE DO IT
BUT DON'T SHOOT!





OUT AT SEA - JUST ON THE HORIZON -
THE OLD DESTROYER IS CAST ADRIFT
FROM THE TOW VESSEL.....



BOYS - THE CAPTAIN HAS LENT
US SEVERAL PAIRS OF HIGH-
POWERED BINOCULARS WITH
WHICH TO OBSERVE THE
ACCURACY OF THE FIRE
POWER ON THAT OLD
HULK OUT THERE.....

BOY! I'D
HATE TO
BE ON HER
RIGHT NOW!!



WE'VE GOT WORD SHE'S IN
POSITION, GENTLEMEN - FIRST
WE'LL STRADDLE THE TARGET
WITH A COUPLE OF TRIAL
SHOTS - THEN, WE'LL CLIP OFF
HER STACKS - FINALLY, WE'LL
HIT HER BELOW DECKS AND
SINK HER. READY, SERGEANT?

READY,
SIR!



BOOM!

FIRE!

WOW! WHATTA SHOT!
JUST MISSED HER
BY YARDS!



LET ME WATCH
THE NEXT ONE,
DAN!

THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLODING
SHELL THROWS PEGGY ON THE
TARGET SHIP, TO THE FLOOR...



W-WHERE
AM I?

I-I MUST HAVE FALLEN
SOUND ASLEEP - I BETTER
GET ASHORE!



W-WHY WE - I MEAN I
AM MILES OUT TO SEA!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?







